THE CHARACTER OF A Church-Trimmer.

By *Heraclitus* his Ghoſt.

Ad Populum Phaleras---

A CHURCH-TRIMMER is the *Beelzebub* or *Prince* of TRIMMERS, the *Devil* of a Saint, and the *Monſter* of a Man, into the bargain; for he is *Two-fold* all over: He hath not only (*Janus*-like) *two* contrary Faces to put on as the Weather ſerves, but all things elſe proportionable: He hath *two* ſeveral Tongues ready tuned both ways, a *double* mind, a *pair* of Conſciences, one with a Belly as big as the *Trojan* Horſe, to ſwallow Camels with; the other ſo very ſtrait-laced, that it muſt *ſtrain* hard to get down a *Gnat* or little Punctilio of a Ceremony; and *two pair* of hands and feet to be All your *humble Servants*, to addreſs and make legs to *All* Parties, *All* Points of the Compaſs, as well to flatter *Monarchs*, as to court the *Mobile* or Commons of *England*, as times will bear, and Trump turns up. It were below his Character to ſay, He is a mear Volpone in a Sheep-skin Doublet, a formal Hypocrite, Holy Cheat, or modern Phariſee; for he is not only more rotten and debauched in his Principles than they All, but worſe than any *Jew* or *Jeſuit* for *Morals* alſo. He is a Church-Politico, a Conforming Non-conformiſt, a Spiritual Jugler, a Mountebank Divine, and loves a *Croud* as well as any *Cut-purſe*, for Reaſons beſt known to his own *Pocket* and *Pride*, (and who but He to give them meaſures for their *Huzzahs*, and their *One-and-Alls*, as occaſion offers) for as he hates *Popery* with *one* of his *Hearts*, ſo He dotes upon *Peter-pence* and *Popularity* with the *other*.

He is a true Proteſtant *Eraſtian* in point of Government, accounting the longeſt Sword the ſtrongeſt Argument, and ſureſt Title: He is as true as Steel to the higher *Powers*, (be they what they will) ſo long as they continue ſuch, and are able to protect themſelves and Him; which, when they ceaſe to be, they are no longer higher *Powers* for his Money; you cannot blame him if he ſhift for himſelf; when the Wind turns he muſt ſteer a quite contrary courſe, by force as well as choice.

He pretends to be of the Religion of his *Country* for *Peace*-ſake, but is really a Sceptick in Point of *Faith*; for though he is ready to *do* all things that he is commanded, yet all this while he *believes* Nothing; or if he do, it is not as the Church, but as the State believes. He is a profeſſed Doctor of the *Law* of Nature, who will ſcarce allow a dram of *Grace* to any one under a *Duke*; his *Councils* are the common Sentiments of all Mankind in Parliament aſſembled in his upper Room; his *Fathers*, *Seneca*, *Antoninus*, *Epictetus*, *Tully*, and other ancient Heroes; his *School-men*, *Curcellæus*, *Epiſcopius*, *Socinus*, *Crellius*, and the reſt of that Gang of Heatheniſh Divines; his dearly beloved Fundamental darling is *Self-preſervation*; for whoſe ſake he hath an univerſal tenderneſs for all *Sects* and *Factions*, Chriſtian or Infidel; among the *Whigs* he is a zealous *Whig*, with the *Tories* a moderate *Tory*; and hugs himſelf in the fancy that he is the very Picture of the old *Doctor* of the *Gentiles*, becauſe he becomes *all* things to *all* men, that ſo he may by *all* means ſave ONE.

Would ye know what he was, or did in thoſe days when there was no *King* in *Iſrael*? Malice it ſelf could not ſuſpect him to have a *King* in his Heart in all that time, as became a man of Temper, Prudence, and good Nature. He was true and faithful to all the ſeveral new Faces and freſh Broaches of *Government* (as that Female Hector ſwore ſhe had been to her ſeventeen *Gallants*)

Gallants) though without *King*, House of *Lords*, or *Commons* either; (none but Fools and Sots will suffer and starve, be the Weather never so cold, or times bad.) The man of *Salamanca* can hardly swear what *Orders* he was then in, but *he* was a mighty busie Pulpiteer; he had the Gift (or rather the Art, or *Cant*) of praying by the *Spirit*; he prayed aloud for all the several *Powers* which Providence *successively* set over us, though all perjured *Rebels*; (for he was never against the *Succession*, unless it were in the *Right Line*.) He preached in a black Cloak and white Gloves, and inveighed bitterly all along against the *Roman Missal*, and the *English Mass-Book*, with all their Superstitious Forms and Rites; against *Popery* and *Prelacy* alike; for next to *Kings*, he loved *Bishops* worst at that time of the day. His Fingers itched to have a share in the Government *then*, that he might shew his cowardly Prowess in trampling upon a poor *Church* when it was down; and persecuting a *Loyal* Clergy-man that durst presume to read *Common-Prayer* under his *sanctified* Nose; for these and such-like glorious ends and to shew how heartily he espoused the *Cause*, no doubt he used all laudable means, though I will not say positively that he listed himself *Chaplain* to some *Major General*, or other man of *Might*, or committed *Matrimony* with a cast *Abigail*, or genuine off-spring of old *Holofernes* his own *Flesh* and *Blood*.

But the last Game of this Church-Sophister, is his Master-piece, and worth all the rest; for so soon as ever the *Clock* struck 1660. and the word was *Dieu & mon Droit*, and all the Bells and Pulpits rang, *I will overturn, overturn, overturn, till he shall come whose Right it is*; his Trimmership (in a great Fright) turn'd *Old Cavalier* in a moment, like the man that grew *Gray* in one night: He put on the Face of *Loyalty*, began to assert *Monarchy* strenuously, took all *Oaths* and *Tests* to bind him to his good behaviour for the future; subscribed the Articles of *Religion* (as Articles of *Peace* indeed, but not of *Faith*) and fell so desperately in love with the *Church* all of a sudden, as if it had been really his new *Mistriss*; but this was only a Copy of his Countenance; however, finding a *new* Talent put into his hand, and the *old* ferment of Ambition working still in his brain, he resolves to be *somebody* (and not Vicar of *Bray* still) to make a greater *Figure* in the Church, that he may be the more able to serve *Her* a Dog-trick, and betray *Her* into the *Philistines* hands, when time shall serve. It was not long before he began to set up a *new* Church within the *old*, to cry up *Comprehension* or *Toleration* for all Sects, lest he at last should be found *intolerable*: He insinuated into the great Ministers of *Church* and *State*, and presumed to make lists too, of *Worthy men* and *men Worthy*; to blacken and defame all *Loyal* Clericks, and recommend those of his own *stamp* as the only men of *Merit*; to cry down the *one* as men of hot heads, and *Popishly* inclined, and magnifie the *other* as great *Masters* of *Prudence*, *Conduct* and *Moderation*; so that the most useful, honest, and able Church-man that will not lick up his *Spittle*, must stay for his Reward till the *Great day*. He esteems all our Church-usages indifferent little *Trifles*, not to be contended for; prefers one *Pipe* in the *Vestry*, before a whole Organ-full at the *Belfry*; He seldom reads the publick *Prayers*, but *Preaches* World without end: He hates a *Cross* in his Heart, and values not the *sign* thereof in *Baptism* at a brass Farthing; two *Guineys* will purchase him to leave it out: He allows no more of a *real Presence* in the Sacrament, than at his own Table, when (by chance) he eats *at home*; his Sermons are wisely composed, to treat men of all *Religions*, only they seem to be more particularly calculated for *Turks* and *Pagans*, than professed *Christians*. In one word, He is the *King's* humble Servant in the Intervals of Parliament, when *He* can rule his own *Roast* without the disturbance of popular *Votes*; but if he chance to want *Money*, or *Hands* or *Heads* to assist him in Extremities, when Factions grow high and insolent against *Him*; and threaten the second part to the *same Tune* of 1641. this true Protestant Trimming *Antichrist* fairly denies his *Master*, saying, *The King is but one man, but the People of* England *are very numerous*; *and what wise man will disoblige and provoke a* Multitude? *No, I will rather venture and trust His Majesties wonted Clemency, than their known Fury*; *I have read* Matchiavel, *and am well aware, that* Honesty *is not the best* Policy, *though it be the* Fools *Motto, I was never of the losing side, and will save my stake still if I can.*

Here's your *Trimmer* for you with a Vengeance! you that would know more of his Principles and Ways, must repair to the *Reconciling-Office* near *Peg Trantams*, being the half-way House between *Heaven* and *Hell*, where he is to be spoken with once every Week; and you are desired to tell him that he must not give *Characters* of *others*, if he love them not *himself*, but that he must expect, some time or other, to meet with a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*.

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